



### The Dying Year.

Ring, bells! Oh, ring, bells!  
For the dying year—  
Dawn cometh swiftly:  
Death low-lowers near.

Wake! O, ye echoes  
Of the days long o'er!  
Harbingers mystic  
Of days now before.

Though many flowers  
Never can bloom again,  
Though many hours might  
Brighter far have been,

Weep not! Oh! weep not!  
Other buds will come;  
New loves will blossom  
In some fairer home.

Let no regrettings  
Mar the peaceful close:  
Wrap in oblivion  
All your weary woes.

Dream on! Oh! dream on!  
Through the misty past,  
Mingling hope's smiles with  
Memory's tears at last.

—John Irving Pearce, Jr.



### Hush! The Year is Dying!

Let silence reign, tread softly by,  
The dear old year is dying fast;  
The cold north wind is mourning low,  
For him who soon must breathe his last.

But twelve months since he took the throne,  
His entrance made 'midst song and cheer;  
But now by death's decision, dooming,  
He leaves it to the glad New Year.

We hold him not accountable  
For all our changing, diverse turns,  
But service shown in needful hours  
We'll cherish in our mindful urns.

There's little now we have to fear,  
From anything that he can do—  
But good and dear old dying year,  
Let's bid him now our last adieu.

—Brooklyn Eagle.



### Hymn for the New Year.

I take my pilgrim staff anew,  
Life's path, untrodden, to pursue;  
Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view;  
My times are in Thy hands.

Throughout the year, my Heavenly Friend,  
On Thy best guidance I depend;  
From its commencement to its end,  
My times are in Thy hands.

Should comfort, health and peace be mine,  
Should hours of gladness on me shine,  
Then let me trace Thy love divine;  
My times are in Thy hands.

But shouldst Thou visit me again  
With languor, sorrow, sickness, pain,  
Still let this thought my hope sustain,  
My times are in Thy hands.

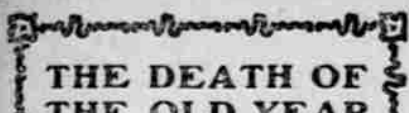
Thy smile alone makes moments bright,  
That smile turns darkness into light;  
This thought will soothe grief's saddest night,  
My times are in Thy hands.

Should these this year be called away  
Who lent to life its brightest ray,  
Teach me in that dark hour to say,  
My times are in Thy hands.

A few more days, a few more years—  
Oh, then a bright reverse appears.  
Then I shall no more say with tears,  
My times are in Thy hands.

That hand my steps shall gently guide  
To the dark brink of Jordan's tide,  
Then lead me to the heavenly side;  
My times are in Thy hands.

—Charlotte Elliott.



### THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

BY TENNYSON

ALL knee-deep lies the  
winter snow.  
And the winter  
winds are wear-  
ily sighing:  
Toll ye the church-  
bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and  
speak low,  
For the old year lies  
a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;  
You came to us so readily,  
Old year, you shall not die



He lieth still; he doth not move:  
He will not see the dawn of day.  
He hath no other life above.  
He gave me a friend and a true true-  
love.

And the New-year will take 'em away.  
Old year, you must not go;  
So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old year, you shall not go.



He frothed his bumpers to the brim:  
A jollier year we shall not see.  
But, though his eyes are waxing dim,  
And though his toes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die;  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old year, if you must die.



He was full of joke and jest.  
But all his merry quips are o'er.  
To see him die, across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride post-haste.  
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.  
The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
And the New-year, blithe and bold, my  
friend,  
Comes up to take his own.



How hard he breathes! over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock.  
The shadows flicker to and fro:  
The cricket chirps; the light burns low.

'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.  
Shake hands, before you die.  
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:  
What is it we can do for you?  
Speak out before you die.



His face is growing sharp and thin.  
Alack! our friend is gone.  
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone.

And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my  
friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door.



### Some New Year's Lore.

New Year's Day has been celebrat-  
ed ceremoniously ever since the days  
of the classic Romans. January is  
named for the old Roman god, who  
was supposed to have two faces—  
one that looked forward and the other  
that looked back. The face that looked  
back looked at the receding years,  
while the other looked at the new one  
just begun.

Many old proverbs exist regarding  
this season of the year. Among them  
are:  
"If the grass grows in January  
It grows the worse for all the year."  
"A January spring is worth nothing."  
"Under water dearth, under snow  
bread."

"March in January, January in  
March."  
"If January calends be summerly gay  
'Twill be January weather till calends  
of May."

Sitting up till midnight to see the  
new year in is the custom of many  
countries. Good resolutions were reg-  
istered most solemnly at this hour  
among the people of olden times, who  
observed this custom most strictly.  
After the serious moment had passed  
there was a great shaking of hands  
and drinking healths of the favorite  
old beverage called wassail. Wassail  
was a strong drink of many spices,  
several kinds of wines, fruits and  
eggs.

### First Exchange of Gifts.

One of the most prominent customs  
of New Year's and one concerning  
which history has much to say is that  
of giving many and costly presents.  
As a gift giving festival it seems to  
have outrivalled Christmas in the old  
times. For a long time in England it  
was customary to give gloves or  
glove money on New Year's day. The  
uniformity of this scheme seems  
strange. But in those days gloves  
were rather expensive and had to be  
made entirely by hand. They were  
also quite a necessary part of one's  
apparel. Hence the general custom.



### NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

LONG about New  
Year's Day  
numerous well  
meaning persons  
begin prepar-  
ing to turn over  
a new leaf, the  
old one having  
become smeared  
over with illegi-  
ble spider tracks  
and blots put upon it during the twelve  
preceding months. Sometimes there  
are tear stains, but these are usually  
covered out of sight by liberal appli-  
cations of carmine.

'Tis well to make good resolutions,  
laudable to make promises, but 'tis  
also laudable to avoid the keeping of  
the majority of them. They are com-  
monly of an inconsistent, conflicting  
nature, they do not lie with our abil-  
ity to enforce them, and they interfere  
with an individual's own freedom of  
action and with his social relations.  
They tie him up so tight sometimes  
that he cannot move a step.

"Little girl, why do you weep?" in-  
quired a Good Samaritan of a small



child carrying a load of school books  
and sobbing bitterly. "Is your brain  
affected by over education?"

"No, not that," replied the child,  
"but before I started for school this  
morning, my sister braided my hair  
back so tight that I cannot shut my  
eyes, and it hurts."

Be wary, therefore, about your New  
Year's resolutions and leave a loop  
hole to crawl out of them should they  
prove too binding. A man must move  
about during the coming year just as  
he did during the past one, and if he  
ties himself up too tight, he will come  
to a standstill. In plain words, be  
good but not so outrageously good that  
you will fall into the opposite ex-  
treme.

### The Hours to Come.

The hours are passing over us, and  
we note the day. What shall the  
future days be, and what the year?  
What we make them, such will they  
be. God gives us time. We weave it  
into life, such figures as we may, and  
wear it as we will. Age slowly rots  
away the gold we are set in, but the  
adamantine soul lives on, radiant  
every way in the light streaming  
down from God. The genius of eter-  
nity, star-crowned, beautiful, and with  
prophetic eyes, leads us to the gates  
of time, and gives us one more year,  
bidding us to fill that golden cup with  
water as we can or will. There stand  
ice dirty, fetid pools of worldliness  
and sin; curdled and mantled, film-  
covered, streaked and striped with  
many a hue, they shine there, in the  
mantling light of new-born day. Around  
them stand the sons of earth, and cry,  
"Come hither: drink thou and be  
saved! Here fill thy golden cup!"  
There you may seek to fill your urn;  
to stay your thirst. The deceitful el-  
ement, slipping through your hands,  
shall mock your lip. It is water only  
to the eye. Nay, show water only,  
unto men half blind. But there, hard  
by, runs down the stream of life, its  
waters never frozen, never dry, fed  
by perennial dews falling unseen from  
God. Fill there this urn, oh, brother  
man, and thirst no more for selfish-  
ness and crime, and faint no more  
amid the toil and heat of day; wash  
there, and the leprosy of sin, its  
scales and blindness shall fall off,  
and thou be clean forever. Kneel  
there and pray; God shall inspire thy  
heart with truth and love, and fill thy  
cup with never-ending joy.—Theodore  
arker.



### CURIOUS CUSTOMS

Observance of new  
Year's Day has be-  
come uniform in the  
United States, that is  
everybody celebrates  
it in the same way, by  
good wishes, cards, and  
visiting. But in other  
countries, the customs  
are very di-  
verse, partaking as  
they do of Easter and  
Christmas.

Thus, in Persia,  
fancy colored eggs  
are exchanged as presents.

In France the children do not hang  
up their stockings on Christmas Day  
but on New Year's, and these are not  
filled by Santa Claus, but by the  
Christ child. He comes with a whole  
convoy of angels to help him carry  
the gifts for his little children. The  
children do not enter the room where  
the stockings are hanging before each  
one has knelt before the father of the  
family and received his blessing.  
When friends meet on that day they  
give each other the "kiss of peace"  
that is they rub their cheeks together  
and say: "I wish you a good year."

All over Europe the "wassail" or  
good health cup is a feature of the  
day. This is probably the origin of our  
custom to offer wine to visitors on that  
day. "The fair Rowena, the daughter  
of Hengist, knelt down on the ap-  
proach of the king, and presenting him  
with a cup of wine, exclaimed, 'Lord  
king, waes-hell!' This is, health be to  
you." In old Merrie England the was-  
sail cup was filled with a mixture of  
wine, or ale, sugar, nutmeg, toast, and  
roasted apples, a drink sometimes  
called "lamb's wool."

At every country house in Russia,  
there is a feast and a procession in  
honor of the day. Horses, sheep, cows  
and hogs are decorated with garlands



### The Midnight Bell.

and led to the landlord's house, where  
he is expected to receive them in his  
best parlor, but in case the landlord  
does not care to have his furniture  
ruined, he sets a room apart where the  
mob may assemble and duly cele-  
brate.

In the ancient Saxon days the peo-  
ple used to dance around an apple  
tree on New Year's Eve and sing  
songs. This was supposed to insure a  
good crop. The ancient Greeks and  
Romans did the same in honor of the  
goddess Ceres the patron of harvests.

It was customary to ring bells at  
midnight to notify the people that the  
old year was going out and the new  
one coming in. We moderns have  
preserved this ancient custom, and  
have added to it tin horns, steam whis-  
ties and other noise producers to give  
the old year a good send off and the  
new one a warm welcome.

It was also the custom to open the  
house doors facing the west to let out  
the old year, and open those facing the  
east to let the new year in.

### Time and Eternity.

Time and eternity! The one is  
the beautiful porch to the great tem-  
ple, the other is the magnificent tem-  
ple itself, whose spaces are immeas-  
urable even by the imagination.

In very truth we begin the eternal  
life with the first breath we draw in  
childhood. As a matter of conveni-  
ence, however, we cut off a small sec-  
tion of eternity, just long enough to  
encompass our earthly life, and call it  
time. Dividing it into years and  
months and days, we are able to keep  
our varied experiences in mind, tell-  
ing ourselves that at such a moment  
we suffered defeat, at such another  
we won the victory and at still an-  
other some dear one came into the  
household to add its little voice to the  
domestic chorus, or perhaps some  
dear one suddenly became silent and  
left us to wonder in what clime she is  
now wandering.

### Ancient New Year's Gifts.

Queen Elizabeth made most lavish  
use of the custom of distributing gifts  
at New Year's. She herself received  
most gorgeous presents, and history  
enumerates some of the things as cas-  
kets studded with precious stones,  
"armlets set with rubies," necklaces,  
mantels, silken hose, smocks, petti-  
coats, looking glasses, fans and  
brooches. These things do not sound  
so wildly wonderful to us now, but at  
that time no doubt many of the things  
were rare novelties. Silk stockings  
and looking glasses are mentioned as  
being wonders of that age. No doubt  
some of the other things were more  
or less so.

During the reign of the Bourbon  
Kings in France that country cele-  
brated New Year's most pictur-  
esquely.

Carriages loaded with bonbons  
were driven through the streets of  
Paris and the poor were feted on  
sweets that day as they never were  
on any other throughout the year.

Preparations for this celebration  
were going on in the confectioners'  
quarter for days before New Year,  
and it is said that the bustle and ac-  
tivity was so great at the time that  
no one could get in on any other busi-  
ness than that concerning the great  
holiday.

Literally showers of confetti honon-  
boxes of every conceivable kind and  
device fell upon the poor of Paris  
upon that day, on which the king  
grew lavish.

### When Pins Were Valued.

In the middle ages it became the  
custom to give pins as New Year's  
gifts.

Pins were invented about the first  
of the year 1500 and became popular  
very rapidly, as well they would. Now-  
adays one could not imagine how to  
get along without pins. Before their  
advent wooden pins, which were  
really skewers, were used. When the  
sleek little pin was invented it made  
the greatest furor. So much so that  
it was immediately adopted for the  
general New Year's gift.

As the time went on, however, this  
fell a little off, and sums of money as  
gifts became the custom. These gifts  
were for a long time called "pin  
money." This was the beginning of  
the phrase still common in our time,  
although rather changed in meaning.



Mrs. Weisslitz, president of the Ger-  
man Womans' Club of Buffalo, N. Y., after  
doctoring for two years, was finally cured  
of her kidney trouble by the use of  
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted,  
kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless prompt and correct treatment  
is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave careful  
study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—  
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made sure that it con-  
tained the correct combination of herbs which was certain to control that  
dreaded disease, woman's kidney troubles. The Vegetable Compound acts  
in harmony with the laws that govern the entire female system, and while  
there are many so called remedies for kidney troubles, Lydia E. Pink-  
ham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared  
for women.

### Read What Mrs. Weisslitz Says.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years my life was simply a bur-  
den, I suffered so with female troubles, and pains across my back and  
loins. The doctor told me that I had kidney troubles and prescribed  
for me. For three months I took his medicines, but grew steadily  
worse. My husband then advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound, and brought home a bottle. It is the greatest  
blessing ever brought to our home. Within three months I was a  
changed woman. My pain had disappeared, my complexion became  
clear, my eyes bright, and my entire system in good shape."—Mrs. PAULA  
WESSLITZ, 176 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Proof that Kidney Trouble can be Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel very thankful to you for the good  
your medicine has done me. I had doctor for years and was steadily  
growing worse. I had trouble with my kidneys, and two doctors told  
me I had Bright's disease; also had falling of the womb, and could not  
walk a block at a time. My back and head ached all the time, and I was  
so nervous I could not sleep; had hysteria and fainting spells, was tired  
all the time, had such a pain in my left side that I could hardly stand  
at times without putting my foot on something.

"I doctored with several good doctors, but they did not help me any.  
I took, in all, twelve bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-  
pound, five boxes of Liver Pills, and used three packages of Sanative  
Wash, and feel like a new woman, can eat and sleep well, do all my own  
work, and can walk two miles without feeling over tired. The doctors  
told me that my kidneys are all right now. I am so happy to be well,  
and I feel that I owe it all to your medicine."—Mrs. OPAL STRONG,  
Dalton, Mass.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice.  
She has guided thousands to health. Address Lynn, Mass.

**\$5000** FORFEIT if we cannot forth with produce the original letters and signatures of  
above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.  
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.



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**BUSINESS EDUCATION** MONEY WILL PRODUCE  
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Best Methods, Best Building, Best Teachers. SEND FOR HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.  
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Toby's Institute of Accounts, New York City

**Low Rates to the East.**  
As Christmas time approaches, the  
railroads are preparing to handle large  
crowds of those going back to their  
old homes in the East, and the South-  
ern Pacific will place on sale Decem-  
ber 19, 20, 21 and 22 a rate of one  
fare plus \$2 to New Orleans and points  
in Mississippi, Alabama, Florida,  
Georgia, North and South Carolina,  
Tennessee and Kentucky. Tickets are  
good for return in thirty days, and  
Christmas turkeys will be eaten by  
many Texans visiting their old home  
places. Southern Pacific agents will  
be glad to supply all information.

T. J. ANDERSON, G. P. & T. A.  
JOS. HELLEN, A. G. P. & T. A.

The United States supplies Russia  
with cotton seed, grapevine cuttings,  
tobacco and seed wheat in large  
amounts.

**WHERE ARE YOU GOING?**  
On Dec. 19, 20, 21 and 22, the Santa Fe  
Agents will sell tickets to points in Colorado,  
Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois,  
Minnesota, Mexico, Arkansas and to Southern  
States at the rate of one fare plus \$2 for the  
round trip, good thirty days.—Tickets to Texas  
and Indian Territory points will be on sale Dec.  
22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 and Jan. 1, good to Jan. 4, to  
return. For further information apply to any  
Santa Fe Agent or address,  
W. S. Keenan, G. P. & T. A.,  
Galveston, Texas.

Under modern conditions, man's  
life is growing steadily longer, despite  
the increased strain of competition,  
social, political and commercial.

Colored globes in drug store win-  
dows were first displayed by the  
Moors of Arabia and Spain.

**MCCANE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY.**  
Houston, Texas, for trained and reliable  
Detective Service.

There are a few things that even a  
very young man doesn't know.

Some pictures are like some people  
—hanging is too good for them.

A racing automobile isn't in it with  
feeling time.

In 1870 the German people barely  
exceeded 40,000,000; in 1885 they had  
risen to nearly 47,000,000, and in 1900  
the census returns gave 56,345,014.

**Nothing More Dangerous.**  
Than a neglected cough," is what Dr.  
J. F. Hammond, professor in the Eclectic  
Medical College, says, "and as a preventive  
remedy and a curative agent, I cheer-  
fully recommend Taylor's Cherokee Rem-  
edy of Sweet Gum and Mullein."

At druggists, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 a  
bottle.

Artemiev, a Russian electrician, has  
invented a pliable coat of mail which  
effectively protects against currents of  
150,000 volts.

Why should woman suffer untold  
agony, from female diseases, when they  
can be cured at home, by using Dr.  
Lann's Home Treatment for Women?  
For particulars, address: Dr. Lann's  
Sanatorium and Hospital, Houston, Tex

Luxury is apt to transform pleasure  
into burdens.

When depressed and out of spirits  
the chances are that your liver is to  
blame. Try that greatest of all liver  
remedies, Simmons' Liver Purifier.  
Put up in tin boxes, price 25c per box.

Happiness is a ray of sunshine be-  
tween two clouds.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible  
medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL,  
Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

It is easier to make promises than  
to make good.

**CORPORATIONS** and individuals who  
need reliable Detective Service Employ  
McCane's Detective Agency, Houston, Tex

The greatest grief may be blided  
with some gratitude.

Try me just once and I am sure  
to come again. Defiance Starch.